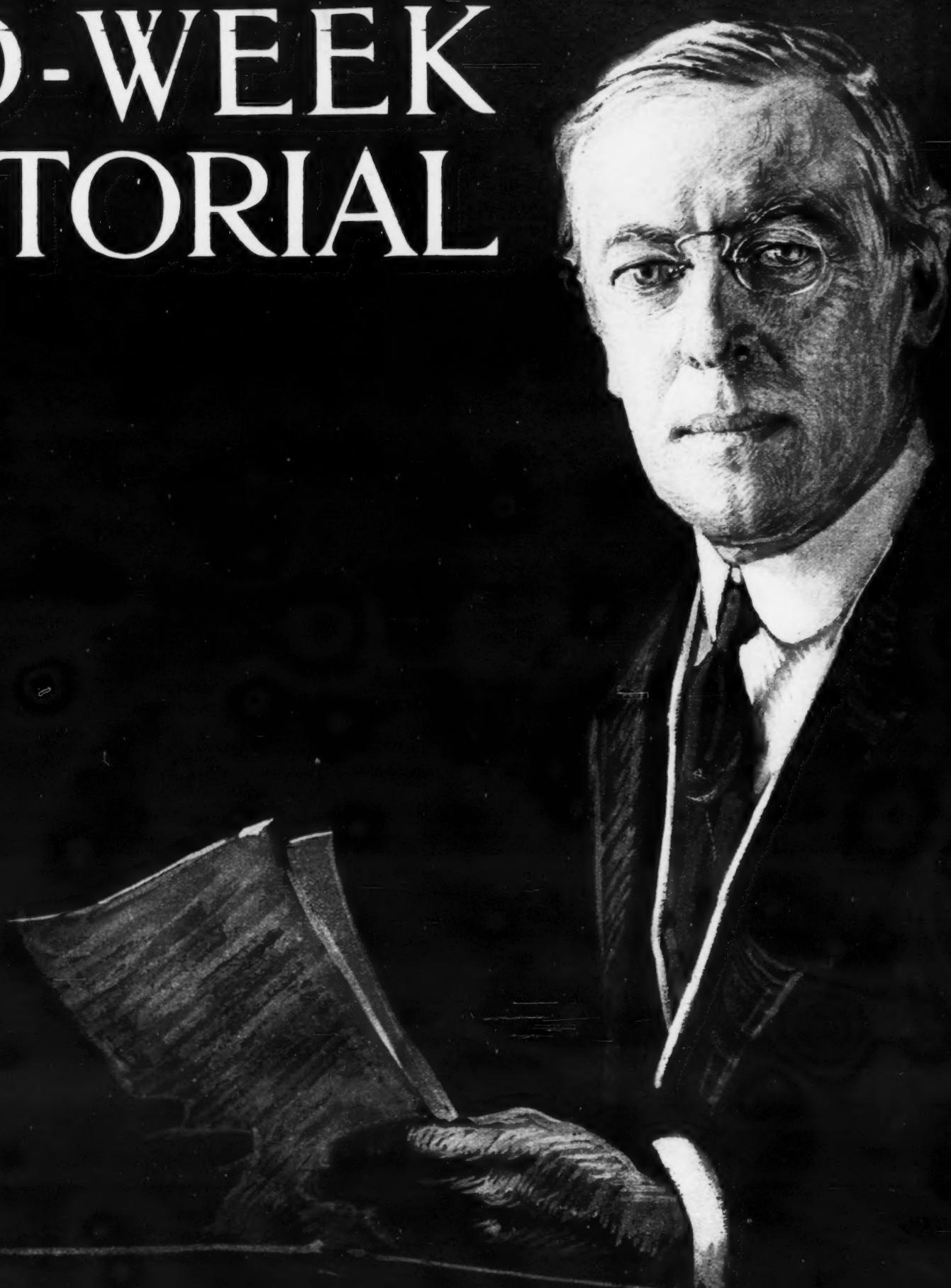


The New York Times

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL



PRICE
TEN CENTS

VOL. 2, No. 14
DEC. 9, 1915

President Wilson reading
his message to Congress.

Special Supplement

issued with this number is a large detached
reproduction of the painting by Spangenberg
entitled "The Dance of Death."

Klemperer
1915

The New York Times MID-WEEK PICTORIAL

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The Modern Gideon

SPECIAL pleadings for Henry Ford, whose ship of peace is now on the broad Atlantic bound for Copenhagen, have become numerous. To William Jennings Bryan, who is nothing if not Scriptural, Mr. Ford is a second Noah, and his ark is sailing on the deluge of war that has engulfed the Old World. Mr. Bryan, of course, would not push his simile so hard as to liken Mr. Ford's companions with the animals that went in two by two—he is thinking of the dove-of-peace episode. Those who, bearing in mind that the Rev. Dr. Aked is aboard, speak of the priests blowing with the trumpets before Jericho would have us believe that the walls of Europe's militarism will totter before the blasts of the peace apostles. To be sure, Jericho's mighty men of valor were all put to the sword after the feast of faith, but there, again, it won't do to run a comparison to death.

Gideon is another example from Holy Writ. How ridiculous in Gideon's three hundred to go against the Midianites and the Amalekites and all the children of the East—as the sand which is upon the seashore for multitude—blowing their trumpets and breaking in pieces the empty pitchers that were in their hands! Admittedly, the band did cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Moreover, "the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow, and against all the host." That was a militaristic solution, after all. Does Mr. Ford's voyage presage internal revolutions?

Outside of the Bible we find no miracles save that of the warlike Maid of Orleans, but in the Knight of La Mancha is a classic figure, of which Florence Ripley Mastin, quoting John Galsworthy, takes advantage:

Come, let us lay a crazy lance in rest
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky.
—Galsworthy.

I cannot help but love the knight who goes,
Unchampioned, derided by his foes
And friends, to seek the white star of his dream
In the black night. He only sees the gleam;
And, heeding neither laughter nor the sneers
Of sane complacency, his course he steers
Into the starless skies. Perchance for him
The gleam will never out of darkness swim.
Yet better, dream-possessed, to falter down
In failure than to snicker like a clown
Over the dream. God give us grace to see
The grandeur in the soul of errantry!

A society needs to have a ferment in it to break up its stagnation, Professor Sumner used to say. He added, "Sometimes an enthusiastic delusion or an adventurous folly answers the purpose." War supplies the ferment for Europe, while Quixotic enthusiasms stir in this land of neutrality.

Dead Belgrade

OF the three conquered capitals visited by Cyril Brown, THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent on the German fronts, Brussels and Warsaw seemed normal, but "Belgrade is dead."

Deserted streets, empty homes, and ransacked stores, a few slinking Serbian women, the poorest of the poor, and the lean and hungry dogs remain of a proud and supposedly impregnable city. Russian prisoners have been marched in past King Peter's wrecked palace to do day labor. The Serbian prisoners were

too badly wounded or too exhausted to perform useful labor. The Germans say the Serbians were brave.

Russia's Millions

THE announcement from the Russian front that the next forward movement of the Czar's armies will be in terms of millions of men, not army corps, brings impressively into view the inexhaustible wealth of the Slav autocracy in human war material.

A matter of 2,000,000 soldiers captured by the Germans is not of great consequence to a freshly munitioned empire that numbers 125,000,000 people in Europe and 10,000,000 more in Siberian Asia. Military service, which begins at the age of 20 and extends to completion of the forty-third year, enabled Russia at the beginning of the war to command immediately 7,000,000 trained men without drawing upon an immense surplus to the annual contingent of young men, and before touching the great territorial reserve army. Multitudes of men, all experienced in severe military discipline, are still at the call of Russia.

Redskin Prowess Checked

THE final step in the subjugation of the redman of North America was taken when Secretary of the Interior Lane refused to permit the Carlisle Indian football team to contend in future intercollegiate games. In future, Secretary Lane rules, football shall be "subordinated to the educational features of the school."

Training of the will, which commences with control of the body, Professor Hocking says in *The Harvard Crimson*, constitutes one-half of all education of character. But his plea is for military training in colleges, not athletics. Black regiments have been trained in the service of the country; we have never heard of a redskin regiment. Now that the Indian boys are being brought to the plane of white civilization, why not satisfy their aboriginal impulses, and at the same time complete their education of character, by bringing them into the military?

Dr. Munsterberg's Simile

IN his lecture before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences the other evening, Professor Hugo Münsterberg, head of the psychological laboratory at Harvard, declared that, although Germany would be glad of a substitute for physical force in settling disputes between nations, yet she realized that there were certain disputes which could only be settled by physical force. As an example of a case which arbitration could not help, he drew the picture of two men in love with the same woman. Now, it may be true that the German fraulein has still no choice in the matter—that she has nothing to do but to accept the lover who vanquishes the other—but really such an example will not do for most of us. For most of us the only interest in what the professor said is confined to the exasperating fact that a German still clings to the fetish of German supremacy in deciding international as well as personal quarrels. That Germany may yet be obliged to accept the world's dictum in regard to these matters seems as remote from the professor's mind as is the consciousness of the world's condemnation of German *Kultur*.

The Flight That Failed

THE fate of the German sailor who attempted to escape from the interned German commerce raider Prinz Eitel Friedrich and was captured and returned to his ship by the Norfolk police will be followed with much interest in legal circles. It seems to be the accepted fact that the Prinz Eitel Friedrich is still German

territory and that German laws still obtain thereon. Hence, it may be at the discretion of the ship's commander to decide whether the man is a refugee or a deserter. If the latter, a court-martial may condemn him to death. According to precedent, however, the extraterritoriality of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich does not extend to the execution of death sentences. Some years ago a Russian cruiser arrived in New York Harbor and coolly proceeded to hang three mutineers to the yardarm. The Federal authorities objected, and the cruiser steamed out beyond the three-mile limit and there executed the sentence. Naturally the Prinz Eitel Friedrich cannot execute a sentence in that way, and the thought may occur to some that, in the cause of humanity, it might have been better for the Norfolk police to have kept the poor sailor in jail until after the war.

A Sartorial Faux Pas

THE activity of events and the vitality of the times are apt to dull memory and smother retrospection, and so the council which King George held in his dressing room at Buckingham Palace on the morning of Nov. 17 is described as "unique" in British history, for Lord Crewe was the only Minister present, and Lord Stamfordham and Sir Frederick Ponsonby, who were hurriedly summoned to form a quorum, came in business suits. Ministers are supposed to be in full dress when attending a council. A little over a hundred years ago, however, a precedent was set for Ministerial informality at Buckingham. News of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo had just come, and the Ministers hastily summoned arrived in their riding boots and found the King in his "bedgown."

The King's Ill-Considered Order

SWORDS, which for generations have been merely an inconvenient bauble in warfare, have now been entirely discarded by officers in the field. But, as no changes have been made in parade regulations, they must still be borne at reviews, guard mounting, and courts-martial. They also continue as symbols of bravery in their presentation function as rewards of merit or seals of honor. Up to the present many British subalterns have omitted the sword from their kits. King George would probably not increase deliberately and uselessly the necessary expenditure for an officer's uniform in war time, yet that is what he has done. He noticed that the officers who have surrounded him since his accident did not wear their sidearms. He inquired the reason, and immediately ordered that they should resume them, thereby forcing up their expenses. Of course it is a little thing, but a great man would not have made the mistake. But, then, few Kings nowadays are great men.

"The Thunderer" Repeats Itself

SUPPORTERS in the British press of the present Asquith coalition régime are mistaken when they say that The Times, under Lord Northcliffe's management, is assuming a position unique in the history of that journal. From its earliest youth "The Thunderer" has been the censor of the Government when attempting to write important pages of history, and some of that history has later proved the paper to be wrong—not always. In 1805 it almost induced the Cabinet to recall Nelson from the Mediterranean on account of his affair with Lady Hamilton when without Nelson there would probably have been no Trafalgar. In the Crimean War of 1854-56 "The Thunderer" criticised the transport service, and succeeded in bringing about the punishment of the delinquents. On

the other hand, Napoleon III. once said that The Times had prevented a Franco-English alliance by revealing to France British degradation, maladministration, and military degeneration. And now the history of "The Thunderer" is repeating itself, but with perhaps less annoying effect abroad. France has her Clemenceau, Germany her Harden, Russia her Khovstov, Italy her Giolitti, and so perhaps England with her Northcliffe is not taken so seriously on the Continent as the Liberal press imagines.

The Hungarian Prospect

THE suggestion has been timidly made by the Pester Lloyd of Budapest that, although the neutral nations might find it impossible to form a confederation which would enforce peace on the warring nations, they might with more success found a forum in the form of a magazine printed in several languages where the publicists of the warring nations might publish those views forbidden at home and exchange ideas with others whom the war had made inarticulate. It is most natural that such an appeal should come from Budapest, for the dismal reality is being borne home to the Hungarians—from M. Veszi to Count Tisza, from Count Apponyi to Count Karolyi—that the Magyar people have everything to lose and nothing to gain by this war. They may have, indeed, as some of them say, inspired the Balkan policy which Berlin is carrying through after Vienna's failure to do so. But will Germany, whether victorious or not, show her gratitude for a mere idea she has utilized? Germany has utilized many ideas and there is no record of her gratitude to the creators. And whether a mighty or a crushed Germany emerges from the conflict, whether a mighty or a crushed Austria, Hungarian preponderance would never be tolerated by either. Possibly the Pester Lloyd realizes this.

Germany's Trade Thoroughness

ALTHOUGH it may be true, as confidently asserted in American business circles, that this country has nothing to learn from *Kultur* in regard to business methods, it may also be true that our methods do not always conform to the environment of the object to be obtained. Maggiolini Ferraris, the editor of *La Nuova Antologia*, who was educated in England and Germany, has been obliged to confess that commercial Germany won her way in Italy "by carrying on trade in the language, weights, measures, and money of my country; they studied and seconded the consumers' tastes; they granted great facilities for long credit." The German traders, he adds, have the patience to wait and get acquainted. Senator Ferraris's implied criticism of English business methods in Italy might equally apply to our own in South American countries, which when the war is over will more than ever become the ground for German exploitation. The "take or leave" abrupt methods of the Anglo-Saxons, particularly when expressed in a language foreign to the hearer, do not appeal to the Latins when rivaled by "the patience to wait and get acquainted" expressed in the native tongue.

"The Dance of Death."

In a day when death has visited Christendom on a scale which the world has never before suffered, there is a peculiar appropriateness in the picture by Spengenburg which is reproduced as our special separate supplement this week. Death's call is as ruthless in peace as in war. Spengenburg's canvas, "The Dance of Death," is one of the popular subjects in the National Gallery of Berlin.

When Twilight Falls on Lower Broadway



BANKERS' TRUST CO. BUILDING.

EQUITABLE LIFE BUILDING.

SINGER BUILDING.

One phase of the night lure of New York; looking south from the Woolworth Building.
(© Brown Brothers.)

In Camp with Armenians



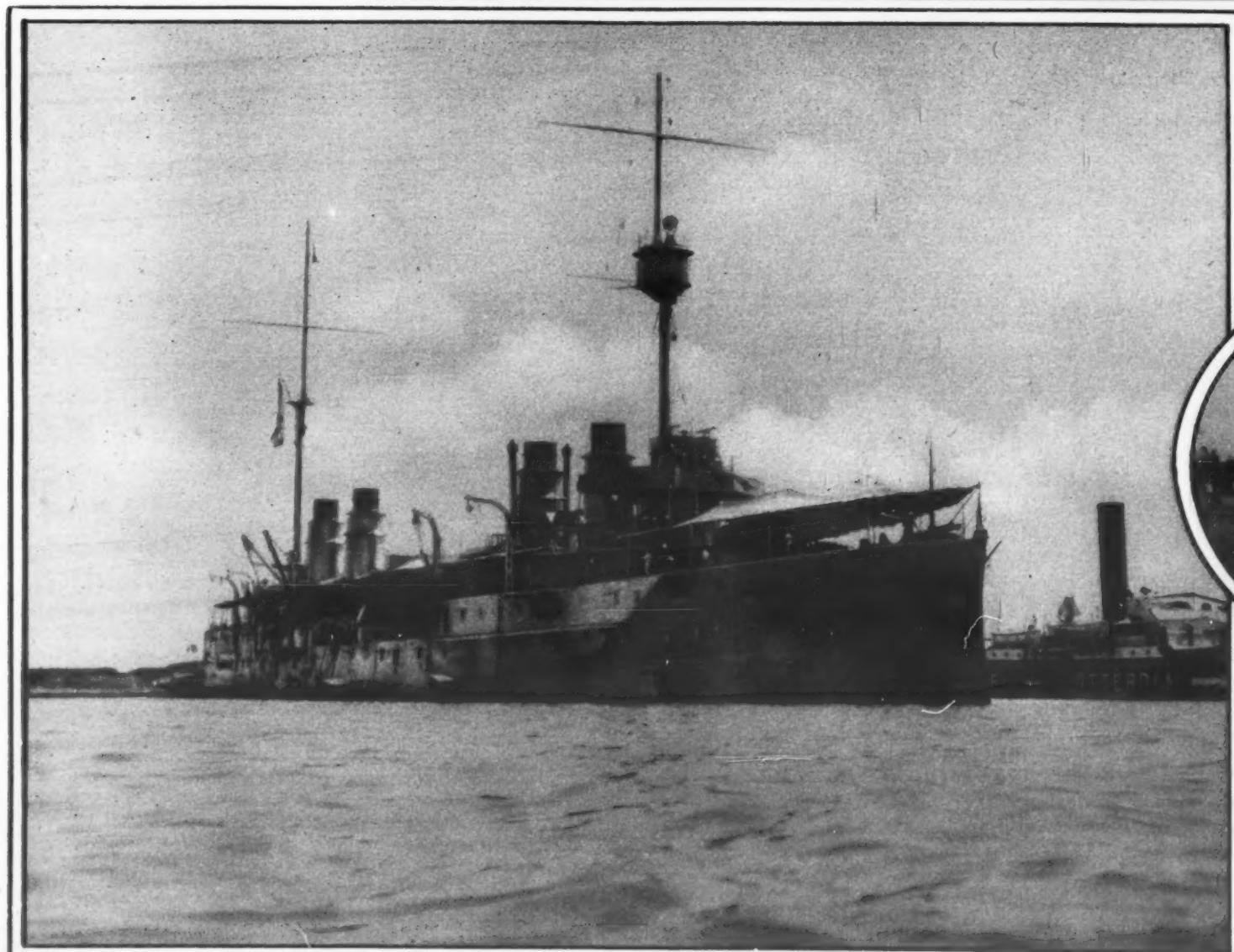
Serving a primitive meal in the great camp of Armenian refugees at Port Said on the Suez Canal.

This huge flatboat, about to touch Egyptian soil, is laden with



A native porter.

Girls of the Port Said camp who, more fortunate than thousands of their like, have escaped the dire fate of falling into Turkish hands.
(Photos from Medem Photo Service.)



The Armenians are sheltered

This French cruiser saved the 4,200 refugees in the camp from a mountain on the Syrian coast. The vessel was drawn to the scene by a large red cross floating from the mountain top.

Saved by French Cruiser



Armenians who, destitute, are yet glad to have escaped alive.



Armenian priest and a representative of the London Bible Society giving Bibles to the children.



Their morning scrub.

The husbands and fathers of these women and children fought off the Turks from a mountain for seven weeks before they were rescued.

(Photos © Underwood & Underwood.)



in a city of a thousand tents.

The task of feeding the thousands of refugees, many of whom were nearly starved when rescued and conveyed to the camp, is carried on from lightly constructed central kitchens.



The Lancer

By Joseph H. Odell.



IT was perilous indeed, to have two such men so close together, but each was an old friend of mine and neither was crude enough to quarrel in my presence and while smoking my cigars. John Hodge was English—unmistakably and without apology. Carl Snyder was German—obviously and without extenuation. They intended to conform to my arbitrament, which was strict neutrality; they strained every nerve and muscle and held a thousand adjectives in leash because they recognized the unwritten law of hospitality. Nevertheless I was nervous.

John Hodge—"The raping of Belgium was an unspeakable atrocity which would never have been perpetrated if [I raised my hand]—if President Wilson had immediately declared the United States to be resolute for The Hague treaties."

Carl Snyder—"There would have been no great European war, only a slight skirmish with France, if England had [again my hand went up] not been certain that America's mammonism would supply her with money and munitions."

John Hodge—"Non-belligerent men, women, and children would never have been slaughtered on the Lusitania if Germany had not been [I tapped the floor with my foot] certain that Washington would show the same dalliance already seen in the case of other torpedoed ships."

Carl Snyder—"Submarine blockade would not have been resorted to if England had not been pitilessly trying to starve the non-belligerents of Ger-

difference between treaty obligations with Belgium and Japan when self-interest is involved."

John Hodge—"What country but a purely barbarian one would blow up the bridges, cripple the commerce, fire the factories, forge the passports of a friendly nation unless that friendly nation were utterly careless or oblivious of its own self-respect?"

Carl Snyder—"What country but a nation of shopkeepers would dare to establish a bogus blockade against another nation and confiscate neutral cargoes except that other nation were certain that in the end her greed would be satisfied by unlooked for wealth just when a tariff reduction threatened her with distress?"

John Hodge—"The whole world-dis-



MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN

She is the wife of a member of the British Parliament and is prominent in the Ford peace expedition plans.



MME. ROSIKA SCHWIMMER, HENRY FORD AND LOUIS P. LOCHNER
Mme. Schwimmer is credited with having suggested the "Peace Ship" idea to Mr. Ford. Mr. Lochner is secretary of the Chicago Peace Society.

many into rebellion, against all the laws and usages of civilization, and confident that she had all the resources of America open to her—American bread in barter for German blood."

John Hodge—"Germany would never have made the foul alliance with Turkey to exterminate the Armenians and extirpate the Serbians if her degenerate councils [I was ready to expostulate] had not been certain that the voices of Monroe and Webster were no longer the voice of American principles."

Carl Snyder—"England dared not have used Japan against a European nation, setting the yellow race against the white, if Washington itself had had clean hands toward Japan in the matter of California's nullification of a national treaty. There is no essential

aster was caused by the insane Prussian militarism as typified by the Kaiser and his blasphemous doctrine of divine right. I say 'D—n the ——' [I jumped from my chair and forbade the next word].

Carl Snyder—"Half the universe would not have been damp with tears and drenched in blood if it had not been for Britain's greed for wealth and world power. I say 'Gott strafe ——' [My hand was across his mouth in an instant.]

John Hodge—"I was not going to say 'the Kaiser'; this room is neutral."

Carl Snyder—"I was not going to say 'England.' You are an American."

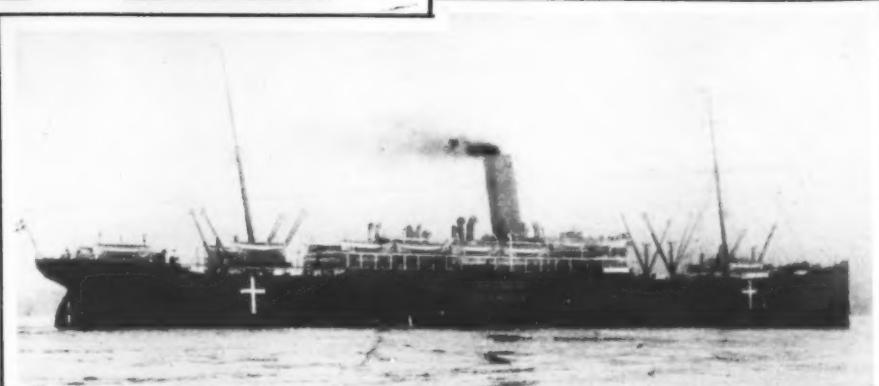
"Gentlemen," I said, "I know you were not about to break the rules. There was only one other name you might have uttered—and I forbid it. You are



MISS HELEN KELLER

The noted blind deaf-mute is pictured here receiving a telegram from Miss Jane Addams asking her to wire President Wilson requesting his aid in the effort to bring about peace in Europe.

the biggest pay-vein of publicity ever mined. Sir Thomas Lipton did well for his bacon, butter, and tea by means of the Shamrock in the international yacht races; but Lipton's best was a three-line "Classified" compared with Ford and his Adullamites. The Mayflower, westward bound, was creative; the Oscar II., eastward bound, is recreative. But the tips that smile will not show the ingenuous delight that all men manifested when St. Francis of Assisi went forth to convert the Moslems in the midst of the Crusades, because the quaint Umbrian saint had nothing to sell and did not borrow inspiration from high-priced publicity agents. The curve of contempt which men will mingle with their smile will not be altogether for the motor Munchausen; some of it will be meant for the newspaper owners who have been so generous with space. The Voyage of the Visionaries will at least be a godsend to Bernard Shaw; with his preternatural psychology he will see a new "Iliad" in it; even the most blasé will admit that the venture is bizarre; it has staging features that not even a Kiralfy could have invented. For the final touch of ironic splendor the Oscar II. should have sailed from



THE "PEACE SHIP"

*The Oscar II. was chartered by Mr. Ford to convey his party on the informal mission to the warring lands.
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)*

the guests of the American nation, as well as my guests."

* * *

F DON QUIXOTE had been a manufacturer or Gulliver a merchant each would have amassed millions by the opera bouffe method of advertising. Henry Ford has struck

Plymouth, Mass., and should dock at Leyden, Holland, with Richard Bartholdt casting the lead, William J. Bryan in the crow's nest with a megaphone, and Herman Bernstein ready to lower the boats. Perhaps thus a few American citizens might find mercy even in the heart of von Tirpitz.

JOSEPH H. ODELL.

Jews of Russian Poland in German Hands



These unhappy-looking Polish Jews are being photographed under compulsion by order of the German military authorities. Their evident mental revolt is due to religious scruples against facing a camera. The whip in the directing official's hand is eloquent.



Wounded German soldiers at a field-hospital in Russian Poland, purchasing edibles and wearables from Jewish women of the neighborhood.



Brest-Litovsk under German rule. The residents, who are practically all Jews, are lined up in front of the military headquarters waiting to register in accordance with an order issued by the Teuton commander.
(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)

Recruiting in an English Village.

New York Times Mid-Week Pictorial—New Days Special Service.

THE road reaches the village by way of the common lands, ground that the grandfather or great-grandfathers of the present owners of the surrounding property must have forgotten to inclose in those years when Napoleon overran Europe and English landlords and farmers wrought between them the ruin of England's yeomanry. The omission is gross and palpable; several generations of village folk have been allowed to keep flocks of geese, to run their ducks and chickens, and even to feed their goats or donkeys on the common, thus enjoying advantages that everybody knows were not ordained by Providence for the working classes, but for their betters. The common provides a playground for the children, a gossiping ground for their mothers, and an open-air club on Summer evenings, when the very old men meet on the bench that surrounds the elm tree by the pond. Though the village straggles over a large area, not many houses go to the making, and in every one there are folk, young or old, who use the common land, so that it is never deserted in fine weather. But I have never seen so many people there as were assembled a day or two ago, when the recruiting band marched through.

Rumor had forestalled the coming, elderly wiseacres had prophesied sunshine and had been justified by the event, school children had gone in a mixed and merry company to meet the music. Chance brought me that way from the market town and, knowing nothing of the great event, I wondered at the gathering. The very old men, some of whom might have stolen from the pages of Maeterlinck, were on their accustomed bench; little groups of middle-aged or elderly women were dotted here and there, and young mothers with babies at their skirts or in their arms. Faint on the breeze came the sound of music, incoherent at first.

The military band came in sight, perhaps twenty strong, and a couple of recruiting sergeants, or so I judged them, with ribbons in their caps. They marched slowly, as though they felt the enchantment of the perfect afternoon, now turning toward sunset, and could

spare a glance to right or left at the greens, with their light carpet of fallen leaves; the century-old cottages, thatched and eaved and weatherboarded; the clamorous geese resentful of all music save their own; the little groups of spectators. Perhaps their officer had checked a normal pace that the little children might keep up; they had joined hands on either side of the players and were marching as best they could, just as though the passing of a recruiting band were something designed by the State for their amusement. Of its significance to their fathers and grown-up brothers they could know nothing; to them the occasion was one to take a prominent place in the simple annal of their lives. What did it mean to the old men under the elm, this lively music, this slow, steady tramp of ordered feet, this clamor of the little ones? Could any martial impulse stir their thin blood? They

looked on with silent interest. And the women, what of them? What anxious thoughts of husbands and of sons would gather a rhythmic insistence from the music? I cannot guess, but as far as could be seen their interest was expressed in silence. Only the children laughed and sang and shouted as their feet pattered along the road or over the fallen leaves on the common, until the soldiers stopped, and they stopped, too. There was a brief rest and then the band played another lively air, and some of the women joined the group of little ones. The rector came from his garden, where he had been pruning rambler roses, and exchanged a few words with some of the mothers; the music came to an end.

"Where are the lads, sir?" asked a recruiting sergeant.

"There are a few at work on the land," replied the rector, "very few; we've sent you nearly fifty already

since war began. The farmers are quite short-handed now."

"That's all right," replied the sergeant cheerfully. "You shall have them back again when we've been to Berlin."

The band struck up again and marched away, declaring in musical action that it is a long, long way to Tipperary. The children followed to where the village meets the highway and comes to a sudden end; the little groups of women dispersed; only the old men stayed under the elm, finding speech at last. But the great gray gander that leads the flock was angry and ran a little way in the wake of the men of war with neck outthrust and wings outspread as though he were an anti-militarist. Doubtless he thought that his action was decisive, for when the last glimpses of khaki had passed from sight he returned to the common and the refreshing grass.



A sturdy batch of recruits leaving the Horse Guards Parade for the training camp after enlistment.
(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)



These taxicab drivers, who own their cars, have placed them at the disposition of the military authorities for the purpose of conveying possible recruits to the nearest recruiting office.

"The village has played its part," I said to the vicar as he walked with me to the point where my homeward path stretched across the fields.

"It has sent the best and strongest," he replied. "If we had conscription tomorrow it would gather in some stockmen, a few skilled plowmen, and perhaps a dozen lads who are really afraid to go, but the best farm hands can't be spared, if we are to raise food, and the lads who haven't gone are hardly worth taking. Some of them have brothers or fathers who have gone, and the mothers want to keep one back. You see," he added as though by way of apology, "in a place like this the people are out of touch with the great world. I suppose that when war broke out not one of our lads who is fighting now had ever heard of Belgium or Serbia. They have responded very well."

"You have had a busy time?" I suggested.

"Yes," he replied, "we held a series of meetings in the parish rooms, and my son gave me all the help he could until he went out."

"You've a son at the front?" I said as we paused at parting. "I hope he will be spared."

The rector changed color slightly and then pulled himself up. "Providence," he said very quietly, "has willed it otherwise."

The Battle for the French Town of Albert



Ammunition trucks of the Allies bearing shot and shell for the use of the forces defending Albert.



Supply train in the outskirts of Albert. The town before shells mowed it down had about 4,000 inhabitants.



German prisoners north east of Amiens carrying logs to build winter trenches for their captors.



This is what shrieking missiles left of the heart of Albert at the close of the battle.
(Photos from Medem Photo Service.)

When Shells Shattered Mourmelon Church



German gunners trying to find the range of the church at Mourmelon Le Grand in the bombardment five weeks ago.



The range of the edifice has just been found and the picture shows the bursting of a shell just over it.



(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

On this side of the church the first shells exploded with the result indicated above.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

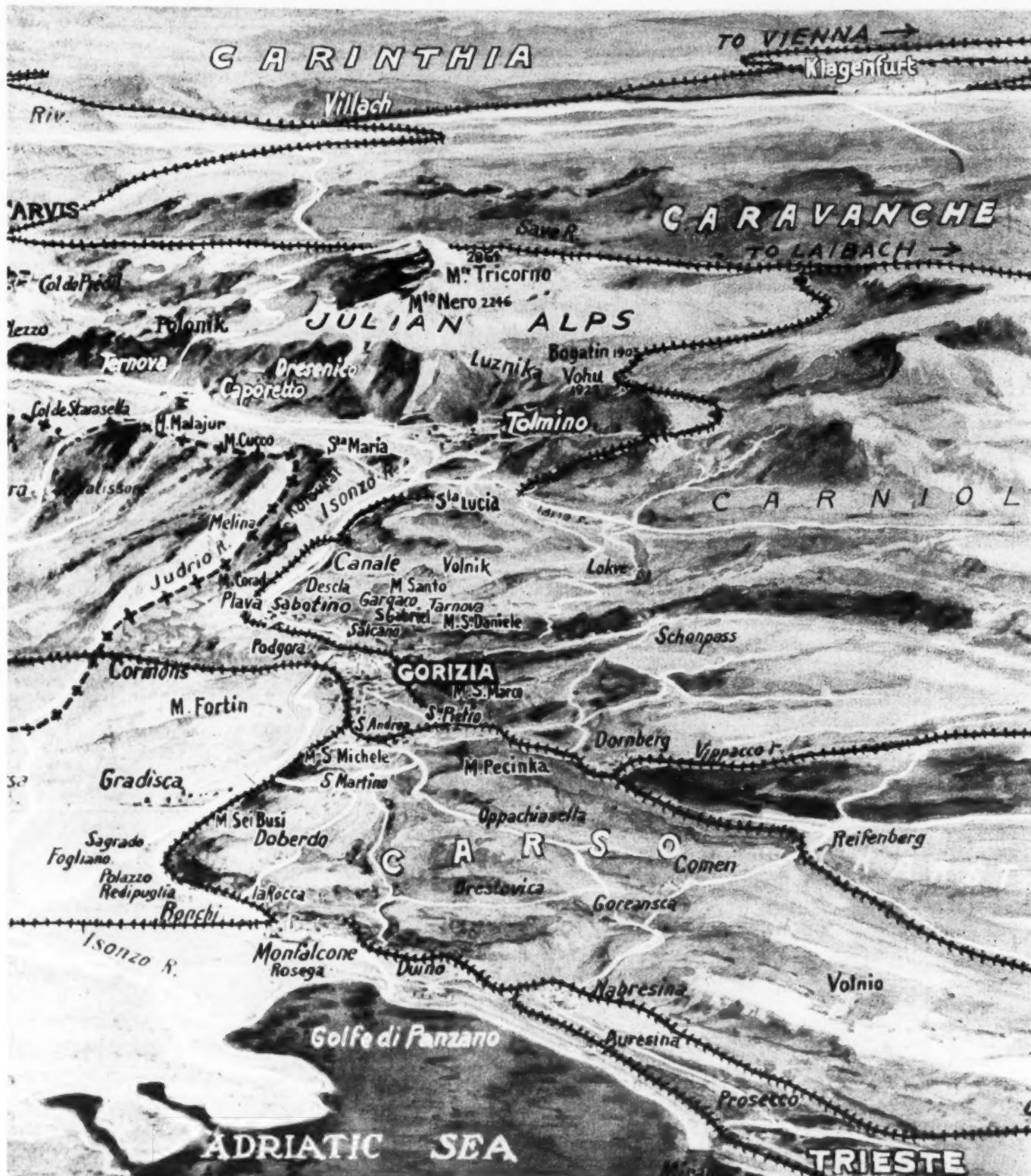


One of the great breaches in the wall of the structure showing the terrific effect of a well-aimed heavy gun.



The wrecked interior of the church, which was one of the notable edifices of the stricken district of the Champagne.

Gorizia and Its Battle Front.



TOLMINO, Gorizia, and Trieste are the keys to the doors of Klagenfurt and Vienna. In 1797 Napoleon needed only one, Gorizia, which had taken him to within 100 miles of the Austrian capital, when peace cut short his march. But tactics, if not strategy, have changed since then. Now, on account of gigantic howitzers and long-range naval guns, the key of Gorizia would be useless without those of Tolmino and Trieste.

Before Italy declared war on Austria-Hungary, May 23 last, it was generally supposed that the Isonzo would be able to defend itself from an invasion of the enemy from the west, just as Manhattan might be defended westward from the Palisades. But the attack was so sudden and the strategic points seized were so important that no concerted defense of this line could be made. The Austrians had very cleverly provided, however, for just such a contingency. In the south their guns on the mountains between Gorizia and Monfalcone could make the latter uninhabitable and sweep the level approaches to the former. Those on the mountains which form a semi-circle around Gorizia could sweep up the river to the bridge-head beyond Tolmino, save between Zagora and Descla, where sheltering heights made possible an Italian crossing at Plava. While between Tolmino and Plezzo there were batteries planted on the slopes of the Monte Nero range commanding the bridge-heads in both directions. South of Tolmino were the trenches of Monte Santa Maria and Santa Lucia.

The character of the fighting along the Isonzo and of the Austrian defenses

here is different from that in the Trentino. In the latter theatre summits ranging from two, four, to seven and eight thousand feet high had been long fortified and had to be climbed before reduced. Here on the Isonzo recent emplacements for guns are arranged on the slopes like terraces cut from the solid rock. When the Italians, after weeks of experimentation, discover one of these emplacements and are prepared to put the piece out of business, with the descent of the first revealing shell the Austrians wheel the gun off to another prepared site, and the whole game begins over again. Meanwhile the campaign is proving the vast superiority of natural fortifications over artificial ones when attacked by modern guns.

By the end of July there was hardly an Austrian group of defenses that was not under almost daily fire from the 1,500 Italian howitzers and naval guns. Then about the middle of the three following months the invaders launched a series of attacks along the entire line—fearful periods of bombardment followed by bayonet assaults on the outlying trenches. Still the Austrian guns above on the mountain slopes held the enemy at a disadvantage which often rendered the dearly bought trenches untenable.

The sacrifice was not in vain, however. In the south the guns on the Monte dei Sei Busi, which commanded Monfalcone and the entrance to the Carso Plateau, and those on the lower slopes of Monte San Michele had been silenced, and it was revealed that the Carso could be easily penetrated from the Doberdo Plateau, lying between the

two mountains, and the way opened to Trieste. North of Tolmino the outworks of the Monte Nero range, Tavorcek, Lipnik, and Mrzli, had been occupied or penetrated and the bridge-heads of Tolmino and Plezzo made untenable. South of Tolmino the defenses of Mounts Santa Maria and Santa Lucia were also weakened.

About the first of November a fourth attack was begun, but this was confined almost entirely to the defenses of Gorizia, for, rightly or wrongly, the Italian General Staff believes that, with these defenses reduced, the line north and south, in order to avoid envelopment, much fall back with the evacuation of Tolmino and possibly of Trieste.

The town of Gorizia is like the orchestra of a Greek theatre, the stage being the vast rolling fields stretching southward, on the east Isonzo, to the foothills of Monte San Michele, while the audience may be imagined as occupying the half-encircling mountains to the west, north, and east—the three summits of the Podgora heights, Monte Sabotino, Monte Santo, Monte San Gabriele, and Monte Daniele.

Into this audience the Italians suddenly threw themselves on Nov. 23, and secured what may be considered a box commanding the entire auditorium as well as the broad approach across the stage. It was then that they captured the highest of the three peaks of the Podgora, Monte Calvario. With Italian guns on this peak there may now be expected a sudden exit of occupants from the entire theatre, not perhaps without the assistance of the infantry operating from the stage.

The Situation (Week ending December 6, 1915)

CONVULSIONS of a beast at bay" was the figure used by Gallieni, the French Minister of War, in his interview with the Associated Press correspondent at Paris describing the desperate struggle of the central powers in their efforts to break through the steadily strengthening bars erected by the Entente Allies on all fronts. Despite the overrunning and crushing of Belgium, the invasion almost to the gates of Paris, the foiled drive for Calais, the conquest of Galicia, Russian Poland and Courland, and the utter prostration of Serbia, the fact remains that the French, British, Russians, and Italian armies are intact.

Russia has with prodigious ease placed new millions of men in the field, making up for her immense losses in human material to the Teutons. Earl Kitchener's three millions of recruits, now well drilled, may be supplemented by another million through Lord Derby's efforts. The French Army, which has borne the brunt of the war, has been kept up to its quota by the reserves; if necessary, it will be amplified by 400,000 young conscripts of the class of 1917 already called to the colors. As for Italy, her million of troops, trained to the minute, have been awaiting the reduction of Gorizia by artillery before advancing upon the thin Austrian flanks along the Isonzo. Despite the wonderful Teutonic efforts and victories, it cannot be gainsaid that fifteen months after the mobilization of the Teuton forces their enemies are growing stronger each day and better armed to vanquish.

Will the first sign of exhaustion among the Teutons be betrayed by the taking of Gorizia? Insistent reports from neutral diplomatic sources have been to the effect that Emperor William's recent visit to Vienna was to dissuade Emperor Francis Joseph from concluding a separate peace with Italy. That he could not do this without the concurrence of all the Entente powers was emphasized by Baron Sonnino's statement in the Italian Parliament on Dec. 2 that Italy had signed the joint treaty of the powers pledging not to conclude a separate peace. Meanwhile, on Dec. 1, the official Austrian report contained the significant words that, if humanly possible, the Italians "will, at all costs, force a victory near Gorizia."

Italy seems thus far not to have made much progress in her campaign. The reason is obvious. The superiority of defensive operations by trench warfare had been demonstrated in France long before Italy declared war on Austria. To the immense natural advantage accrued from having the Alps as her boundary line, which must be scaled and pierced by an invading Italian army, Austria had time to fortify them with formidable trench works. The Isonzo, her most vulnerable line, is defended by the powerful terraces of the Julian Alps, rising on three sides before Gorizia, the plateau of the Carso forming the southern tier. Now the town and spur of Podgora, which gives command of Gorizia, are in Italian hands, and the heights of Oslavia, which also dominate the bridgehead, have been taken.

Had Austria's forces not been worn very thin by withdrawals to many fronts the Isonzo could have been easily defended, and Plava and Monfalcone would never have been yielded to Italy. At the present conjuncture Italy has made impossible what should have been a formidable invasion of her own territory from the Alps, and, having pierced Austria's Isonzo line at the centre, she is preparing either to force a retreat of the inferior Austrian troops—Austria's best troops were long since destroyed—or to roll them up and defeat them in detail on both flanks. This, possibly, explains the perturbation of Emperor Francis Joseph.



American marines in the trenches at Vera Cruz.

"Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun.
We have fought in every clime and place
where we could take a gun;
In the snow of far off Northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will find us always on the job—
The United States Marines."
(From the hymn of the U. S. Marines.)

BY the injection of modern business methods into its system of recruiting the United States Marine Corps has been kept to within a few men of its authorized strength of 9,921 during three years past, and for six months has been just on or over that mark.

Concentration of recruiting stations in the larger cities, personal solicitation, systematic local campaigns, missionary work in the mills and factories by individuals, and intelligently directed advertising and publicity methods are some of the factors which have made for Marine Corps recruiting efficiency.

Recruiting for marines is done in the larger cities almost entirely, and, while recruiting officers are agreed that patriotism and love for country have a larger meaning in rural districts than in crowded cities, they know that patriotism is an almost negligible factor as regards enlistment in times of peace. They figure, from an efficiency standpoint, that the one large feature of their advertising must be the offering of a definite career with pay and allowances, which, when closely considered will compare favorably with the wage inducement of the civilian employer of unskilled labor, and will have the added attraction offered by an adventurous life in foreign lands and on board cruising ships.

The city youth at his bench in factory or mill finds an irresistible appeal in the call to a life in the open, and is quick to see the advantages of an enlistment in the Marine Corps when he suffers no financial loss in the operation. Therefore, the idea of serving one's country and flag is not strongly impressed in the Marine Corps recruiting argument, but rather are the material and worldly aspects of the proposition brought to the fore.

Following the large city concentration plan the marines have established recruiting stations in each of the following cities: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Houston, Atlanta, Seattle, Portland, Detroit, Denver, Salt Lake City, and Baltimore. From each of these larger stations one or two smaller outlying stations, in cities of 50,000 to 75,000 population, are established. Thus it is seen that the virgin rural interior remains untouched by the Marine Corps recruiters, and is held in bank by them against a possible need when the strength of our nation shall be put to the test.

When the matter of pay is considered the recruit realizes that he gets well paid while learning a new trade; and soldiering is a trade which is granted by those who know to be the most dif-

Uncle Sam's Marines—"So By L. C. Sp

Certainly war is horrible and frightful enough without adding more adjectives to it by ignorance.

"Any person whose father or grandfather served in the civil war has, no doubt, shuddered at the tales of hardship and suffering which, if the truth were known, might have been avoided in great part if the sufferers had had previous knowledge of soldiering. Much of this suffering was caused simply by lack of cleanliness.

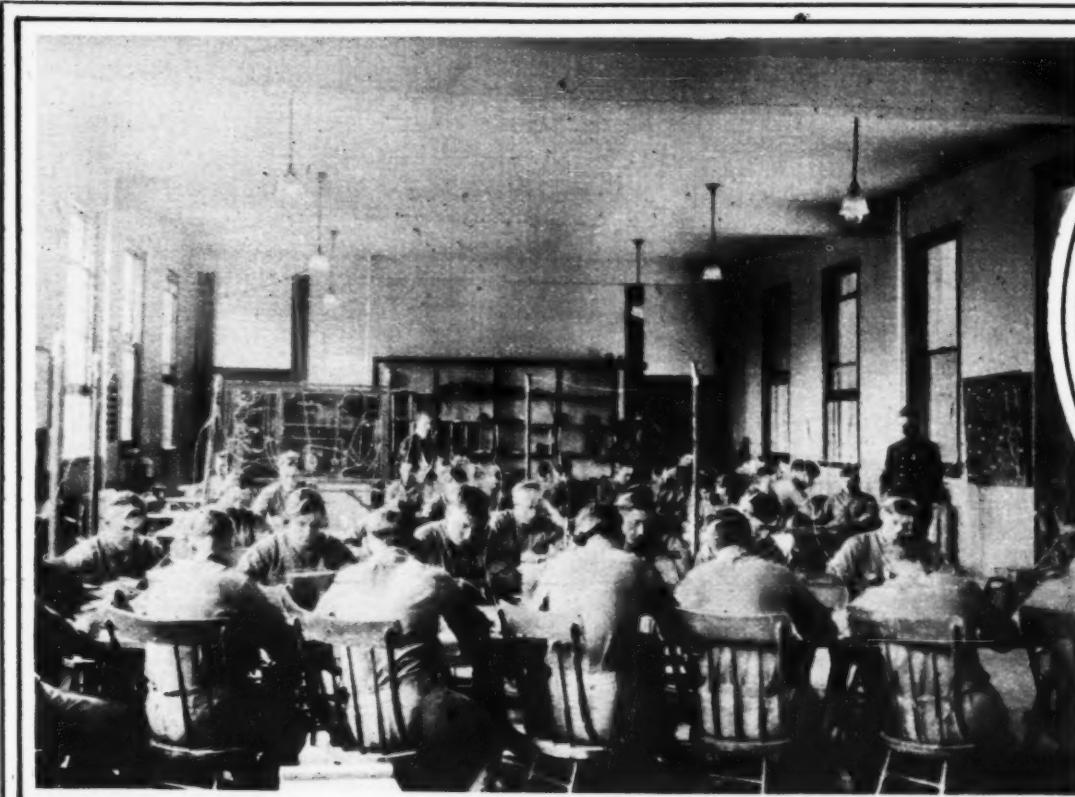
"At home, with porcelain tubs and hot and cold showers, we can hardly believe it possible that men can become so unbelievably filthy as some of our volunteers are reported to have been. But that is just what happens to the

average independent American civilian when he gets out into the field. As soon as he loses the conveniences of home he seems to believe it an impossibility to keep clean. He is out in the wilds where no girls can see him, so he does not think it necessary to shave; water is hard to get, so he does not wash.

"It is, however, the boast of a marine that he can shave, take a complete bath, and wash his underclothes and socks in a half bucket of water. Public opinion and the tradition of the corps make him do that. He understands camp sanitation. His police sergeant sees to that. He attends lectures on first aid given by naval surgeons. As First Lieutenant

Harry marked them in attention. For a s Not on time of

"I am the pro the case at all recruited that re other b services eral pu organiz



ficult of mastery of all professions and trades. But by no means can these marines who enlist in a time of peace be called mercenaries or "unfits" lacking the initiative and strength to grapple with life's problems and battles. And yet that is exactly the attitude held by a great many citizens regarding our regularly established forces today. They regard our marines and soldiers and sailors as merely mercenaries hired by the Government, and, as a rule, pay no attention to them except to protest when Congress is asked to vote on appropriations for the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps.

In speaking of the great misunderstanding of the purposes for which our regular forces are organized, a Marine Corps official said: "A great many people in this country show an apathy and lack of interest in military matters during times of peace that is almost criminal in its consequences. Of course, it's 'special train for Atkins when the troop ship's on the tide,' as Kipling says. And when a war breaks out, our brave citizens answer the call to arms entirely ignorant of soldiering and go forth to die of disease in some training camp long before they have an opportunity to fire a shot. This happens because our military authorities cannot trust the hopelessly incapable (because untrained) citizen soldiers to the 'tender mercies' of a well-trained enemy. The volunteers must have some months of training before they are fit to be soldiers or marines.

"Some authorities maintain that a year is necessary before the average independent American citizen learns the rudiments of the soldier's trade. Every one agrees that General Sherman gave the correct definition of war. But why make war sixteen times more horrible and frightful than it need be?



Marines studying wireless telegraphy at the marine barracks at Philadelphia.

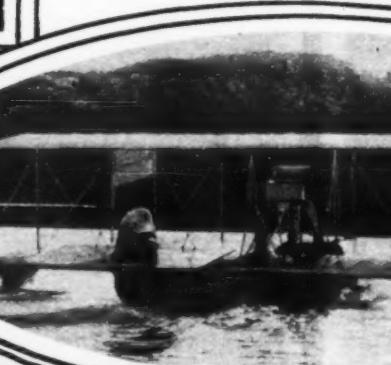


United States marines on the firing line in Nicaragua. These are all over the world wherever American interests are at stake, and



MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE
Commandant of the Marine

A hydroaeroplane used by the beginning a flight



"Soldier and Sailor Too."

C. Speers

As
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Harry O. Smith of the marines re-
marked to his company when he sent
them in for a lecture on first aid, 'Pay
attention and remember what you hear.
For a sick marine is worse than useless.
Not only is he of no use to the Govern-
ment himself, but he must use up the
time of some one to take care of him.'

"I am not urging citizens to rush to
the profession of arms. Fortunately, in
the case of the Marine Corps, that is not
at all necessary. It is almost always
recruited up to its full strength. In
that respect it has the advantage over
other branches of the military or naval
services. But I maintain that the gen-
eral public should get some idea of the
organization which acts as the 'big stick'

of our State Department. Sudden move-
ments of marines should have a fascina-
tion for those who like to figure out
'what might have been' had not this ex-
peditionary regiment or that expeditionary
brigade landed in such and such a
foreign port.

"It may be something of a jolt to
those who decry militarism and all its
works to learn that the marines have
done more in a practical way in the
cause of international peace than any
other one group in the United States.
International law makes it an act of
war for one country to send an army
into another country's territory. But
any country is allowed temporarily to
land a naval force on a foreign shore

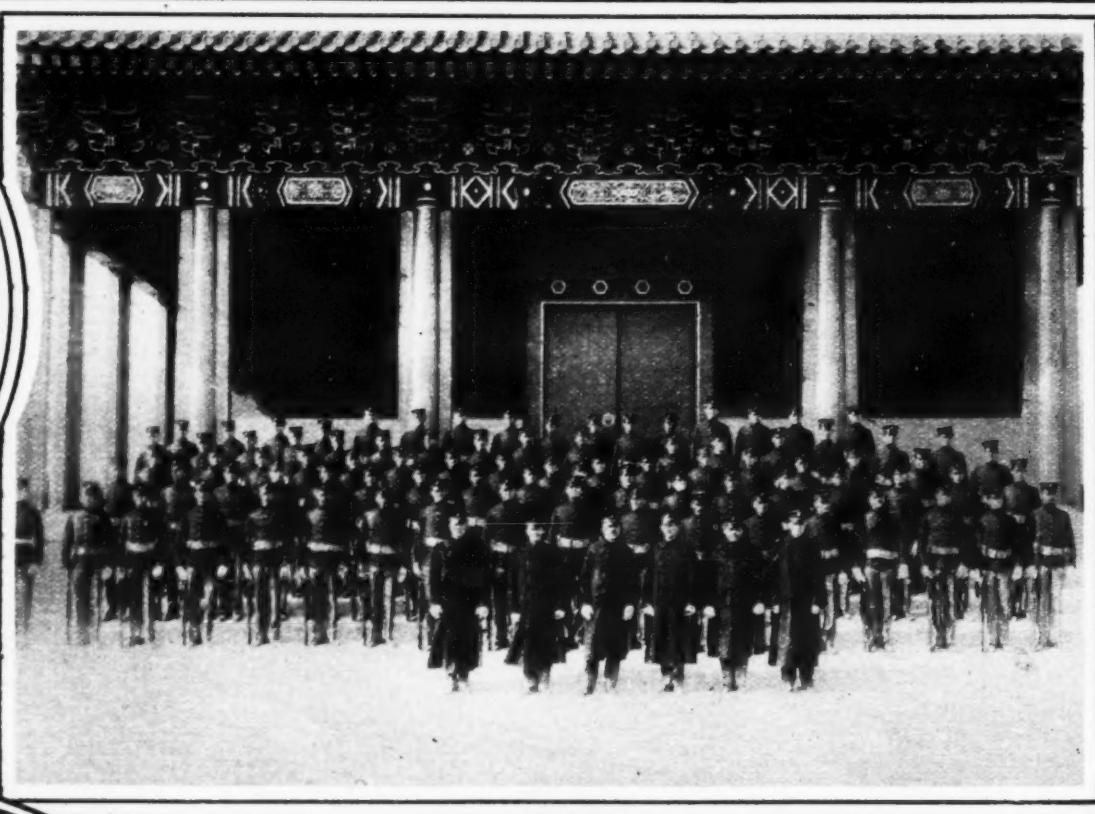


Marines now in Haiti made their own armored truck.



GENERAL GEORGE BARNETT,
Commandant of the Marine Corps.

one used by the Marine Corps
in training a flight.



A detachment of marines drawn up in front of the American Legation in Peking.



to protect its citizens during times of
disturbance if the case seems to war-
rant such action. So hardly a year goes
by without a regiment or two of United
States Marines being sent in a naval
transport to some foreign port to pro-
tect American interests.'

"True, they look like soldiers in their
military uniforms of khaki, and they
are soldiers—just about the best of
their kind. But if the question is raised
they have merely to point at the anchor,
which is part of the Marine Corps de-
vice in their cap ornaments, and say:
'Sh-sh! We're a naval force sent here
to protect American interests.'

"Nine times out of ten the mere pres-
ence of a force of United States Ma-
rines has a strangely quieting effect on
the belligerents, and what would have
developed into a serious complication
between nations is generally ended with
a two-line dispatch, 'The marines have
landed and have the situation well in
hand.' It must be added, however, that,
should their bluff be called, the 'leath-
er-neck' Marines are ready to back it up
with all their might. And they have
been trained to make the most intelli-
gent and efficient use of their might.
Thus it is seen that militarism may be
used to maintain peace.

"There is a saddening thought, how-
ever, in the knowledge that some day,
despite the universal peace propagan-
dists, we shall become involved in real
war. Despite the care and diplomacy
of our Admirals and marine officers,
the fires of race hatred may blaze up
beyond their control. Then this coun-
try will be humiliated by the destruc-
tion of its valiant little vanguard—the
United States Marine Corps—which
forms the first line of the national mo-
bile defense. For our Marine Corps is
but a drop in the bucket when opposed
to an army of one of the world powers,

and so, to our shame, we are likely to
see that little band of trained fighters
wiped out by a superior force while we
are vainly trying to cram enough mili-
tary knowledge into our citizen soldiers
to make them somewhere near fit to
come to the rescue.

"The abysmal ignorance which is
prevalent among many otherwise well-
informed people regarding the Marine
Corps is appalling. For the benefit of
those who would like to know let me
say that the United States Marine
Corps is the oldest branch of the ser-
vice, having been called into existence
by an act of the Continental Congress
of Nov. 10, 1775. It was members of
the United States Marine Corps who
first hoisted the American flag on for-
eign soil in 1805, when Old Glory was
raised in Tripoli. It was five hundred
marines who stood off the Spanish
Army in Cuba before the landing of the
army. In fact, the Marine Corps is
the navy's little private army and has
blazed the trail for naval deeds of
daring.

"Many times the navy has need of
soldiers to do duty for which her blue
jackets are not trained. In view of
that the Marine Corps (now numbering
340 officers and 9,921 men) was orga-
nized to do whatever strictly military
duty may be required in the naval ser-
vice. The marines wear soldier uni-
forms, the names of their different
ranks and titles are the same as in the
army, and they draw the same pay. To
all intents and purposes they are sol-
diers, except that they are under the
orders of the Secretary of the Navy
instead of the Secretary of War. They
have made an excellent record for them-
selves, but have always been somewhat
in the position of 'the prophet in his
own country.' For, though foreign
newspapers and service journals have
praised the United States Marine
Corps time and again as one of the
finest little bodies of real soldiers in
the world today, small recognition in
this country is given to their services."

By concentrated effort in the larger
cities only, the Marine Corps has been
enabled to reduce productive cost by
half, and to keep the corps filled to
overflowing with the most desirable re-
cruits. Under this system, and during
the fiscal years 1913, 1914, and 1915,
there were enlisted in the Marine Corps
11,999 men, of whom 406 were bakers
and cooks; 133, barbers; 375, carpenters,
including cabinet-makers, car-builders,
carriage-workers, wood-workers, and
wood-molders; 300, electricians and
linemen; 1,430, clerks, bookkeepers,
stenographers, &c.; 1,464, mechanics,
including machinists, blacksmiths, boil-
ermakers, brass-workers, coremakers,
crane-men, gas-fitters, plumbers, steam-
fitters, harness-makers, iron-workers,
metal-workers, masons, molders, &c.;
232, coal and iron miners; 326, painters
and paper-hangers, &c.; 147, printers;
813, railroad men, including brakemen,
conductors, engineers, firemen, motor-
men, switchmen, &c.; 107, shoemakers.

L. C. SPEERS.



These "amphibious warriors" are pretty constantly on duty
at sea, and the nation has decided reason to be proud of them.

England at the West Front—the Quick and the Dead!

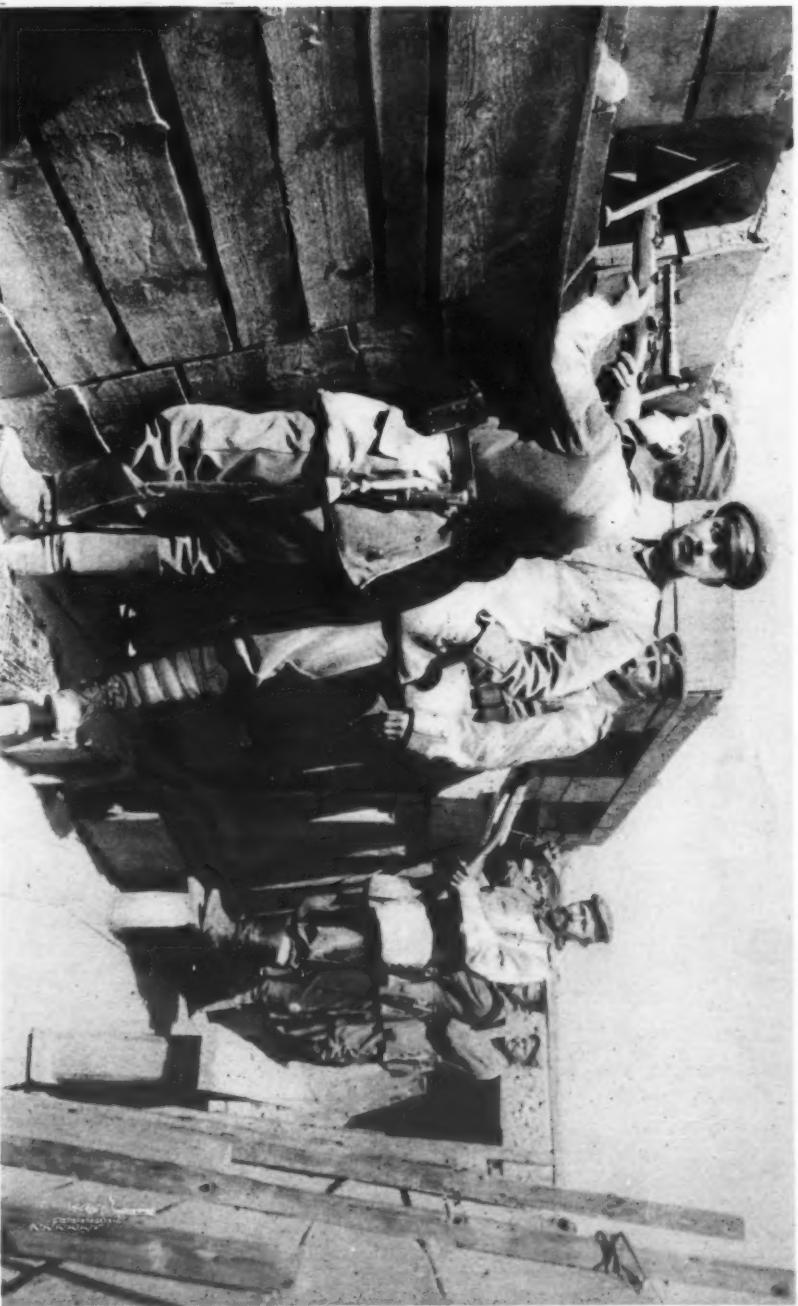


Hundreds of graves of English soldiers in a military burial place in Northern France; they are tended by Frenchwomen.
(Photo © American Press Association.)



British troops on rest leave from the Flanders firing lines mingling with Belgian troops who are bivouacing on the beach.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)

Intimate Views of Daily Life on the German Front



The marksman at the left is using a very powerful telescopic sight. This trench is a model of extreme care and skill in shoring to avert possible cave-ins.

An advance post of Germans who have discovered a hostile position and are aiming a machine gun for a round of shots to "wake up" the intrenched enemy.



German infantry in a trench on the western front loading a little bomb-thrower of a type whose power is said to be out of all proportion to its toy-like size.



A quiet game of pinochle during a lull in the firing. A glance at the calm faces of the players suggests that thoughts of war are banished from their minds.

When Austrian Aeros Raided Venice



The Maggiore altar.



The altar of the Holy Family.



The altar of Santa Teresa in Scalzi Church.



The organ of Scalzi Church seen from the entrance.



Italian Monuments on War's Background



All Rome took part recently in the sombre but inspiring celebration of the "Day of the Dead," in commemoration of the soldiers of Italy fallen on the battlefield or in the trenches. There was an unceasing pilgrimage throughout the day to the Victor Emmanuel monument, where wreaths, bouquets and set pieces of flowers brought by the multitude were so arranged, as shown above, that they formed a border and background for a huge cross on the pavement.



A remarkable war memorial in Milan. On the "Day of the Dead" there was unveiled this monument, the work of Ernesto Spasciani, and representing Italy grieving over her dead of 1915.

(Photos from Medem Photo Service.)



Around the Garibaldi monument at Rome, which was also a centre of the ceremonials of the "Day of the Dead," the Italian troops have received much of their training. A detachment is shown above going through a double-quick in the monument plaza.

(Photo by International News Service.)

A Feast of the Senses in the Russian Ballet

By Marjorie Howard

ONE of the most interesting events in the world of art is the ebullition of genius in Russia, remarkable alike for its sudden flowering and for the astonishing variety of its manifestations.

The struggle for political and religious freedom of the latter part of the last century has had its counterpart in the arts. The persecution and bloodshed which were the rewards of the former are in great contrast to the complete recognition accorded to the latter. The extraordinary combination of several of these manifestations into that wonder which we call the Russian Ballet has won the spontaneous admiration of Paris, London, Berlin, Venice, Vienna, and the chief cities of South America in succession. New York is the last great metropolis to which will be offered this feast of the senses.

A rolling plain, under a lowering sunset sky, stretching away into the distance, is dotted with the rounded, gray stone huts of a tribe of Polovtzy. Smoke pouring from each hut in clouds forms a fantastic pattern on the orange and dull-red sky. The wild music of Borodine heralds the return of the Polovtzy warriors. The young girls, in their black and green and yellow robes of Bokharan silks and Persian gauzes, flock out to meet the soldiers, dressed in bright-figured coats and high, red boots with pointed toes. Armed with great curving bows and arrows, they come leaping, running and springing in the joy of victorious return, bringing their terrified captives with them. We shall make the acquaintance of this tribe when the Metropolitan produces its long-promised "Prince Igor."

Girls and women begin to dance, led by Fokine as the Polovtian General, and again we have that mingling and weaving of lines of living color with which these Russians know how to hypnotize our senses and bind us in their spell. Movement and music are intensified, growing louder, faster,

A fuller treatment of this subject by Marjorie Howard, including a history and personal recollections of the Russian Ballet in Paris, appeared in THE NEW YORK SUNDAY TIMES of Dec. 5. The approaching visit of the Russian Ballet to New York will be one of the great musical and scenic events of the season.



Mme. Tamara Karsavina in "Le Pavillon d'Armide"
(Photos by E. O. Hoppe)

mimed. All employ the same methods, are inspired by the same ideals. Each premier or première has had his or her turn of dancing in the line, and every member of the line, if raised tomorrow to fill a more important rôle, would be thoroughly competent, by reason of the training, exactly the same for all, to perform it.

And what a training it is! A dancer enters the school at an early age, studies and practices for several years, and is then ranked according to accomplishment in one of the subsidized opera houses. He then remains an active member until the age of 35, when he is retired with a pension and another is elevated to his place.

Another unique feature of the Russian organization is the efficiency of the male dancers. Every other ballet in the world depends upon the women stars for its success.

But in Russia male parts are filled exclusively by men, and masculine stars shine as brightly as feminine.

Mention has been made of the harmony of scenery and costume produced by the innovation of having both the work of a single hand. The absence of childish simulation in the stage settings is refreshing. There are no waving canvas landscapes, no flat bushes propped up on a stick, no one-sided houses. There is usually a mere backdrop; but that backdrop is the work of a master painter and unerringly provides the best setting for the chief motif of the drama, be it tragedy or comedy. How truly it does so New York will learn when we are allowed to see "Schéhérazade," "Oiseau de Feu," "Le Dieu Bleu," and the other fantastic ballets in which the genius of the organization is at its height.

It is this grouping together into one



Adolf Bolm in "Prince Igor."



Tamara Karsavina in "Narcisse"



Warslav Nyinshi in "Le Spectre de la Rose."

wilder, until the curtain drops at an almost unbearable pitch of excitement, and the extraordinary evening is over.

One great reason for the overwhelming effect of such a scene as the Schéhérazade, Cléopatre, or Prince Igor dances is that each figure on the stage is an active participant in the scene. None is there just to wear a picturesque costume or help fill the stage; the whole troupe lives, participates in the action, be it danced or

presentation of so many wonders that makes the Diaghileff troupe unique. The combination of the work of musicians, painters, and interpreters, all of the first rank, all offered at once, provides a feast for the senses which causes almost any other entertainment to sink in comparison into commonplace. The recurring seasons of Russian ballet in Paris have been an inspiration to artists, clothes designers, and decorators in the French capital, and their visit to us will certainly leave its mark.

MARJORIE HOWARD.

Fighting and Feting in the Austrian Tyrol

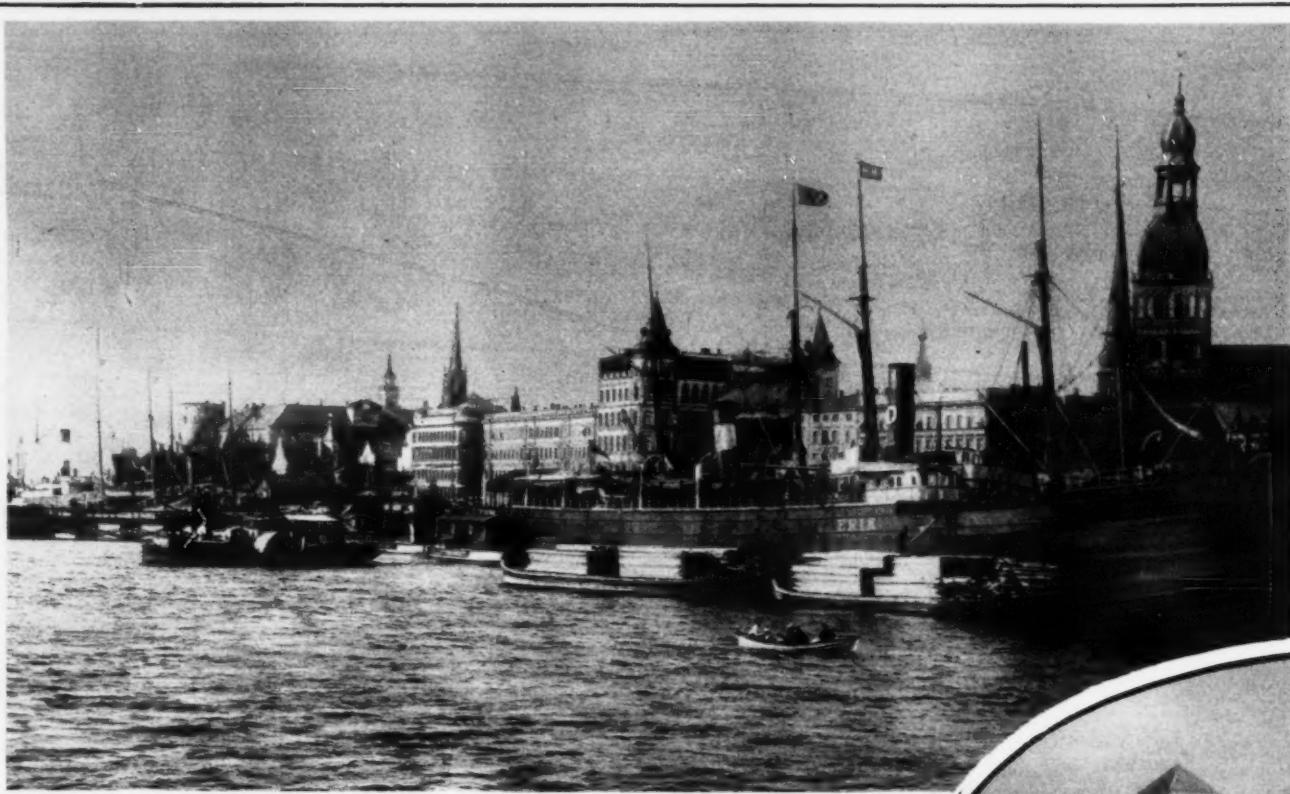


An Austrian infantry patrol in the high peaks of the Tyrolean Alps near Goritz.



Tyrolean girls in the national costume, dressed for a fete in a mountain town.
(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)

Beleaguered Riga Now Defended by Winter



The water front of Riga.

By Charles Johnston

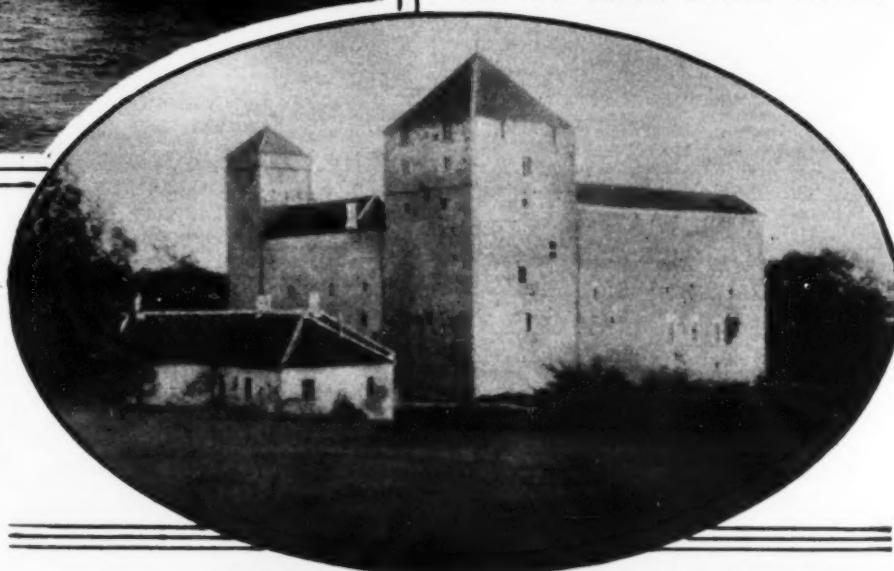
If invaders were to capture Baltimore or Washington or Pittsburgh it would amount to about the same thing as the capture of Riga, for Riga has just about the same population as each of these three cities. But Riga is in a way more important than any of the three—the presence of the Federal Government apart—for it is the third port of the Russian Empire, being outstripped in tonnage only by Petrograd and Odessa. Almost as many liners leave the port of Riga every month as leave the port of New York, though because of the shallow harbor they are

basins of the Dnieper and the Volga, thus tapping the Russian flax belt, the lumber belt, the wheat belt, the oats belt. All these things flow outward in an immense, ever-growing, unceasing stream.

And it is precisely that position, at the Dwina mouth, that has been the making of Riga from the beginning. Merchants from Bremen came there and built their warehouses in the third generation after the Norman conquest of England, and they and their sons, and their sons' sons, have been there ever since. Forty years later the Au-

gustinian monk, Meinhard, pitched his tent there and began to build a little monastery, and at the very beginning of the thirteenth century Innocent III., the Pope who rode roughshod over King John of England, confirmed the Bishopric there, established the power of the Teutonic Knights, and legalized the presence of the German merchants.

That old time still lives in the Castle, down by the wharves and the custom house—a huge, heavy building with little, deep-embrasured windows and a few moderate sized towers; there the Russian Government of Riga now has its home, and Russian officials swarm in and out of the low-ceiled halls where once the Hanseatic Herr Rath and his fat-bellied Burgomasters ruled. Of the old ecclesiastical life of Riga there are likewise two landmarks—the Cathedral of St. Mary, with its lovely old glass windows and its shadowy aisles lined with ancient shrines, and the



The castle in the city of Arensburg on the island of Oesel at the entrance to the Gulf of Riga.



Peasant girls of the Island of Oesel.



A Runo fisherman and his wife. Runo is a small island in the Gulf of Riga.

of lighter draught—two each week for London, one every week for Antwerp, Copenhagen, Lubeck, Rotterdam, Rouen, Stettin; one every fortnight for Ghent and West Hartlepool and Stockholm, and three each week for Hamburg. So the port hums for the eight months of the year when there is no ice on the shallow, brackish water of the Gulf of Riga.

Just now, as December opens, the bay is beginning to skin over with thin ice. In a few weeks ice yachting may begin—if the invaders are pushed far enough back by that time to make the favorite Winter pastime of Riga comfortable. At any rate, the port will be still enough, for it goes without saying that since the war began the liners have ceased to run. But before the war there was a constant stream of raw materials and grains down the wharves of the Dwina, for railroads, canals, and rivers join Riga with the enormous

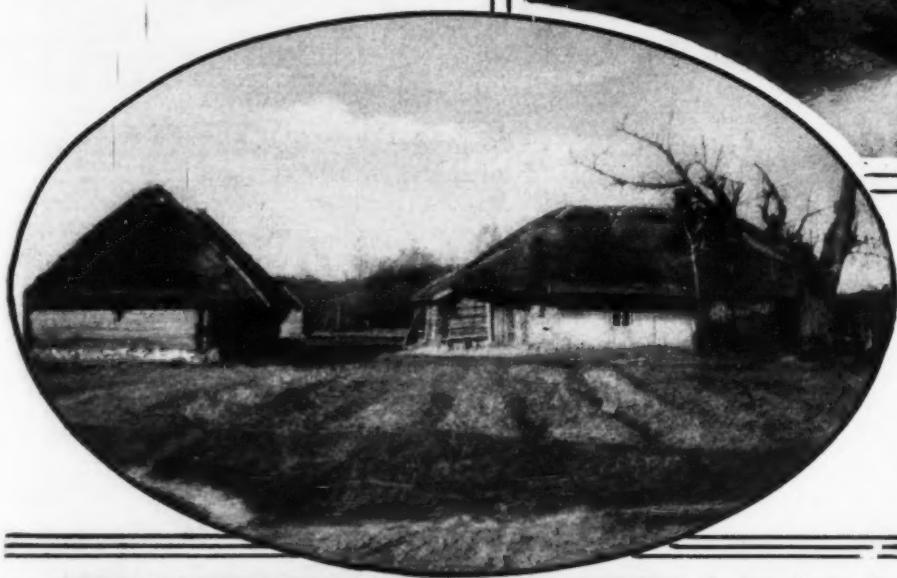


*A German munitions column on the way to the front in the Riga district.
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)*

Church of the Fisherman of Galilee, Saint Peter, its spire rising like an arrow of lace work high into the lucent sky. From the fine, soaring spire of Saint Peter's you get the very best view of Riga, the broad river, with its pontoon bridge and viaduct, sweeping in a large curve around the old town, with its castle and cathedral, now lined with wharves, and streaming northward to the shining waters of the Gulf of Riga, some eight or nine miles from the centre of the town, and lying like a twinkling line of silver under the northern sky. Along the strand, on either side of the Dwina mouth, are cities of Summer houses for the great bathing season, when "all Riga" and the nobility and gentry of Livonia and Courland come down to splash and paddle in the thieless waves. From the spire, as you look down across the river you see the Mitau suburb, stretching away westward; rows upon rows of houses and cottages, mainly built of



Germans crossing the Selwinka River by an extemporized bridge in the drive on Riga and Dvinsk.



A farmhouse in the Courland district, southwest of Riga, where fierce fighting has occurred.



In the forests of Courland, where Winter has descended upon the Germans.



A bathing beach at the mouth of the Dwina, where all Riga disports in Summer.
(Photos from William Savitzky.)

wood, as in our smaller American towns, and on the near side of the river the two other suburbs, the Petrograd and the Moscow suburb, in the former of which live the Teutonic nobility, the landlord class, that, in their hostile aloofness from their Lettish tenants, remind one of the Anglo-Irish landlords of the old days, whose tenants used to lie in wait for them with blunderbusses.

These German nobles—the East Sea barons, as the Russians call them—give the tone to Riga, and for far too many years they have given the tone to Governmental Russia, Prussianizing

the administration of the Czar's dominions, riding roughshod over Slav susceptibilities, bullying abroad, tyrannizing at home, always on the side of privilege and reaction and central domination. One of the results of the war is likely to be the taming and subduing of the East Sea baron class, so that we shall see fewer Teutonic names in the Russian lists of Ambassadors, of Imperial Counsellors, of Generals of Division and Brigade.

In the social life of Riga, which has over a quarter million German inhabitants, the Teutonic merchants, heirs of the old Hansa tradition, run the



A park and promenade on the Gulf of Riga in the suburbs of the city.

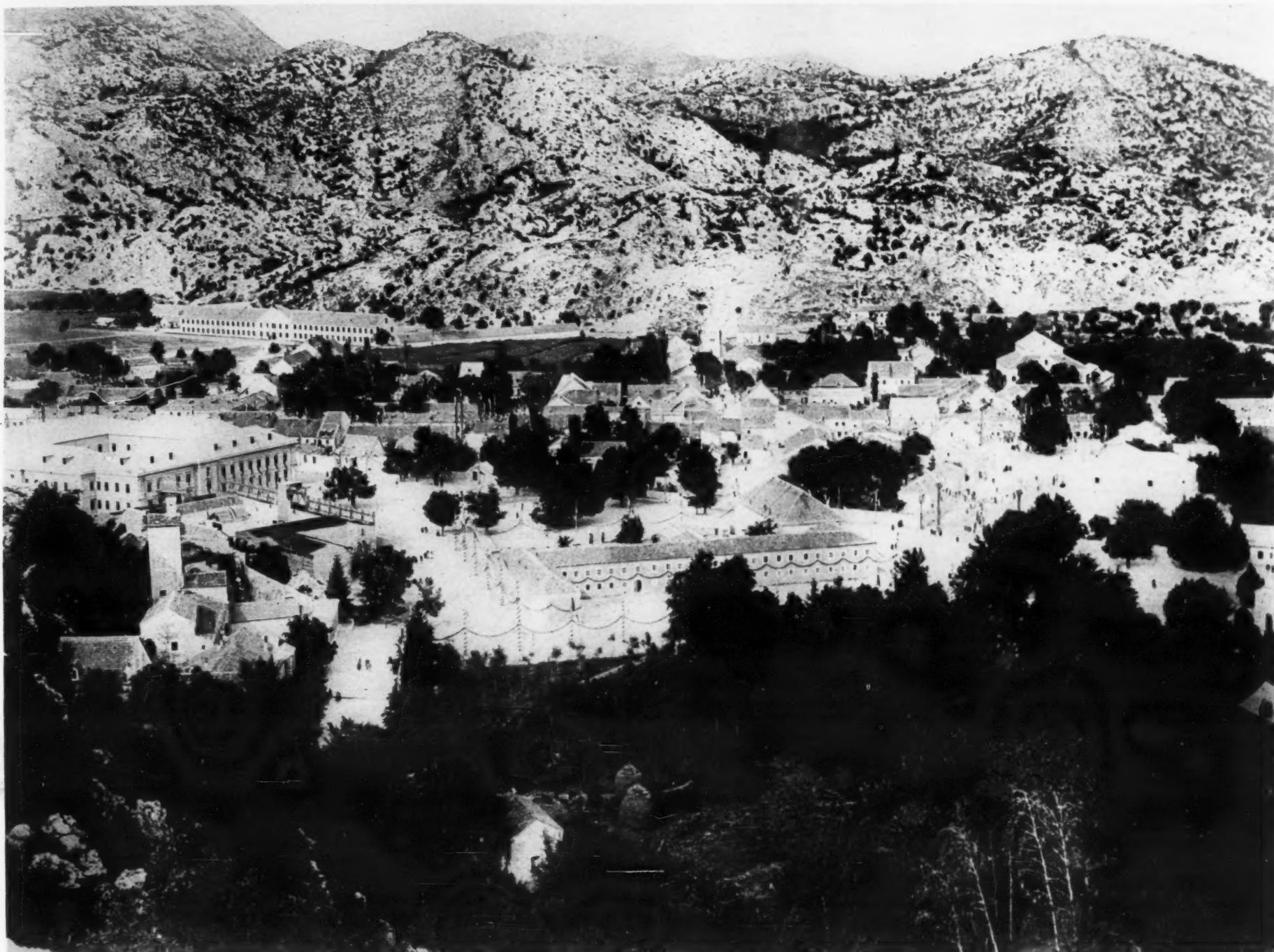
East Sea barons pretty close. They have plenty of money; they entertain magnificently.

For Riga is a big manufacturing town, as well as the third Russian port, though most of the manufactures spring from the presence of the port—railroad carriage works, machine shops, oil mills, and breweries to lubricate the Teutonic workmen and stevedores.

From Saint Peter's spire, too, you see the red sandstone gorge up the river from the town; you see the old city moat, with its band of parks and gardens, where the new Russian Cathedral raises its six gold-and-silver domes into the blue, and you see away beyond the city an infinitude of silver lakes, wreathed in dark green pine woods and sparkling in the sunshine.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

Montenegro—Newest of War Centres



Cettinje, the picturesque capital of Montenegro, nestles in a valley 25 miles north of the seaport Antivari. It has only about 1,500 inhabitants. It is well protected against the present operations of the Austrians from the north and the Germans and Bulgarians from east.



War enthusiasm greets King Nicholas I. riding through the streets of Cettinje at the head of a squadron of cavalry.
(Photos © Brown Brothers.)

The Humor of War-Worn Peoples

HIS NOM DE GUERRE

An Irish soldier, very drunk, was returning late one night to camp.
"Who goes there?" challenged the sentry.

"Lord Kitchener," replied the tipsy recruit.

The sentry repeated the challenge, and on receiving the same reply made a rush for the offender and knocked him down. When he came to he found a Sergeant bending over him, who asked him why he had not given the sentry a proper answer.

"Holy St. Patrick," replied the soldier, "if he'd do that to Lord Kitchener, what would he do to plain Mike?"—*Strand Magazine, (London.)*



AT LAST!

Real German fashions for the Germans!—*Pele-Mele, (Paris.)*

A CLUSTER OF BULLETINS

Rome, via The Hague.

A highly-placed neutral just returned from Constantinople informs the Secolo that the Sultan has conferred the Order of Probity (Ninth Class) upon the Acting German Ambassador.

Tokyo, via Petrograd.

The Washington correspondent of the Christiania Morgenpost telegraphs from



"Well, Miss, and have you also made sacrifices for the Fatherland?"

"I should think I had! What about the prohibition of whipped cream?"—© *Fliegende Blätter, (Munich.)*

Salt Lake City that three-fifths of the Bulgarian Army have crossed into Serbia, two-fifths are concentrated on the Greek frontier, while the remaining



"Oh, mother, I do think it unfair about the Zeppelin! Everybody saw it but me. Why didn't you wake me?"

"Never mind, darling, you shall see it next time—perhaps directly overhead!"—*Punch, (London.)*

Amusing Tidbits Culled from the Periodicals of the Nations at War



ABOVE RECRUITING AGE.

Rickey: "Mother, how old is dad?"
Mother: "Forty-three, dear. Why?"
Rickey: "Oh, I am glad. I was afraid he'd funk'd."—*Punch, (London.)*

fifth is to adopt a watching attitude with regard to Rumania.

Nish.

The Austro-German army is deleted, [by Censor.]

Athens, via Berne.

The return of M. Venizelos to power is hourly expected.

Athens, via Budapest.

M. Venizelos' retirement may be regarded (so Reuter's New York correspondent wires) as definite and permanent.

A telegram from Sevastopol, via Rotterdam, casts doubts on both the above statements.

Stop Press.

Bucharest.

The diplomatic situation is appreciably the same.—*Punch, (London.)*

Sickly Tommy (to Royal Army Medical Corps orderly): "'Ere, I say, orderly, I've got pines [pains] all over me, and orl I'm gettin' is two or three little tablets a day."

Orderly: "That's all right, my man; the medical officer is treating you for gastritis."

Patient: "Gastritis! I thought something was wrong. Why, I ain't never been near no gas!"—*Strand Magazine, (London.)*

A company of Sherwood Foresters were walking along the bank of a river, when suddenly the commanding officer shouted, "Fall in!"

"No fear!" answered a raw recruit. "I didn't join the Coldstream Guards!"—*Strand Magazine, (London.)*



THE HIGH PRICE OF MEAT.

"Oh, dear Gustav, forgive me! I only called you a beef because you're so dear!"—© *Simplicissimus, (Munich.)*

Scene: Somewhere in France, sometime last Winter.

On the German trenches a placard was erected, bearing the words, "Gott mit uns."

Our British Tommies were not to be outdone. Up went their rival notice: "We've got mittens, too!"—*Strand Magazine, (London.)*

Fine chap, my son! Doctor says he's got a wooden head and a brow of brass! Wouldn't they admire him in



"My friend, you're beaten! We've got the record! Twenty shells fell on our house this month."

"Yes, but you have the advantage of being near the cathedral."—© *Le Rire, (Paris.)*

ma beesties gin the Germans come?" asked the old fellow.

"All live stock of every description must be branded and driven inland," the official replied.

"Dearie me!" gasped the farmer, in dismay. "I'm thinkin' I'll ha'e an awful job wi' ma bees."—*Strand Magazine, (London.)*

Polish Peasant: "Sharp chaps, those Germans! They've requisitioned my oxen—and ordered me to feed them!"

—© *Budilnik (Alarm-Clock) Moscow.*

Germany, where metals and firewood are so high?"

—© *Budilnik (Alarm-Clock) Moscow.*



"So you're risking matrimony, old top?"

"Well it's no more dangerous than the first-line trenches."—© *Le Rire, (Paris.)*

Oversea Cartoons on War Themes



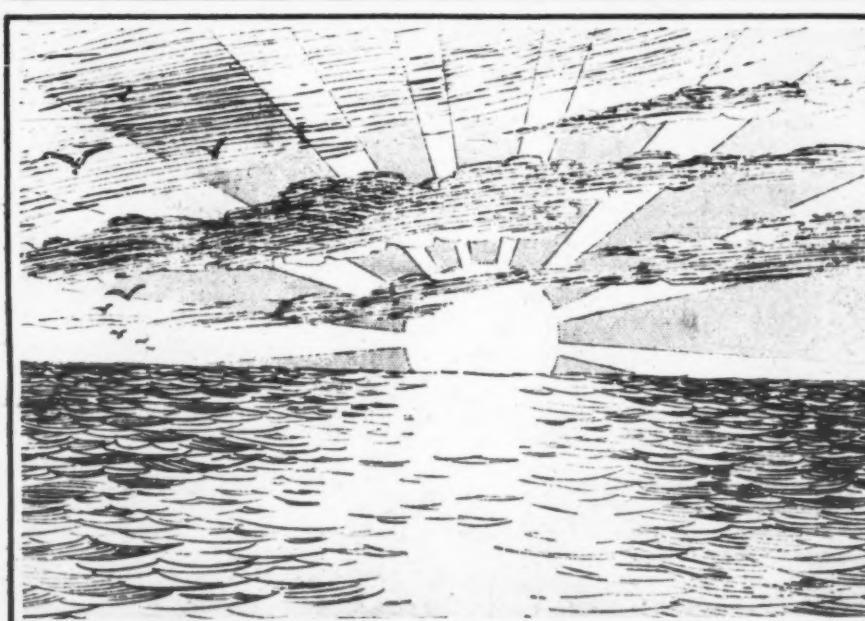
JOHN BULL AND HIS FAITHFUL FELLOWS. "I wonder which one of us--in the end--will be the most deceived!"
--(C) Jugend, (Munich.)



WITHDRAWAL FROM THE DARDANELLES. "We left 150,000 men there!"
"Yes, yes, I know--you mean the dead." --(C) Ulk, (Berlin.)



A TRUE GRANDSON OF LOUIS PHILIPPE!
Ferdinand: "We are to receive 50 millions monthly!"
(The amount reported agreed by Germany to be paid Bulgaria.)
--(C) Le Rire, (Paris.)



"BUSINESS AS USUAL," OR THE GERMAN MERCHANT FLEET AT SEA.—*The Bystander*, (London.)



THE LAST SUPPORT!—*L'Asino*, (Domenica.)